

the accompanying publication. Her last expedition to Tonga was in the summer of 1998 and included her daughter, Samantha, and five students. Together they documented the celebrations for King Taufa'āhau Tupou's 80th Birthday.

There are many of us who owe a tremendous debt to Jehanne Teilhet-Fisk. Her inquisitive mind, wonderful sense of humor and generosity remain fixed in my memory. Jehanne enriched the studies of so many with such tenacity and character that her absence leaves a profound void. Teachers of her caliber are so rare; all of us who worked with her are fortunate to have our lives touched by such an indomitable, incredible woman. *Ofa Atu...*

— Hilary Scothorn

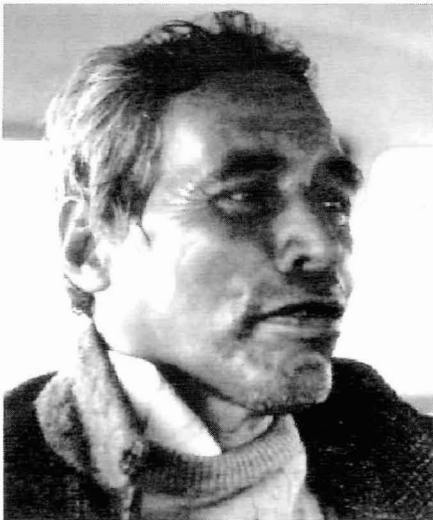
FELIPE TEO

1917-2002

FELIPE TEO ARANCIVIA, better known on the island as "Hani Hani" due to his dark suntanned complexion, died last year. I first met Felipe in 1981 and for several years he worked with my research project. He was remarkable, with a great zest for life — a sort of Zorba-the-Greek, Rapanui style. He could range over the landscape like a goat, leaping from rock to rock. He knew every cave, every site, every petroglyph; he knew which rocks contained *aku-aku* and knew all the various legends about them.

Felipe first tasted fame in 1954 when he and two other islanders sailed off for Tahiti in an open boat. They rigged a sail from a tarpaulin, gathered supplies, and set off for the big adventure. In those days, islanders were forbidden to leave the island, so this was all done surreptitiously. They had two watches, one pocket compass with a broken needle, and an old map of the Pacific torn from a schoolbook. After weeks at sea, they ran aground on Kauehi, an atoll north of the Tuamotu archipelago. They had covered 1230 nautical miles (3830 km) without ever seeing a vessel or sighting land (Putigny 1973). They had run out of food and water, caught flying fish, guided their boat by stars, and finally reached land. Weak from hunger and thirst, they staggered into the small village on Kauehi, but found it deserted. But then they heard voices and followed the noise to discover the entire village at the Sunday soccer match. They made it onto the field, but the gendarme thought they were drunk and came to arrest them (it was against the law to be drunk on Sunday!). Finally it was realized that they were the lost fishermen that had been mentioned on the short wave radio. The mayor made a speech and brought a nurse to administer to them. Felipe is reported to have replied, "I'm hungry, I need food and water. I'll have the woman later".

The adventurers ended up in Tahiti and Felipe lived there



for some years, and acquired a vahine and some children. One day a ship came into Pape'ete with an old friend aboard. Felipe went on the ship to have some drinks and talk about old times with his friend. He passed out and when he awoke, the ship was on its way to Easter Island. He never returned to Tahiti.

In 1982, Felipe was invited to appear on TV in Chile because of his remarkable sea voyage to the Tuamotus. This was a sort of Merv Griffith-type program and the TV scouts offered to pay his way, buy him new clothes, and give him a TV plus some cash. He had never been to the Chile mainland and was nervous about the trip and worried about his shabby clothes. But true to their word, the TV folks outfitted him in new clothes and gave him the royal treatment. He appeared on the TV program with a South American beauty queen sporting serious cleavage, and the Bishop of Santiago. The Bishop spoke first, advocating marriage and the family. Then it was Felipe's turn. The talk show MC asked Felipe what life was like as a child on Rapa Nui. He replied, "we were so poor, until I was seven, my balls were in view". The audience roared. Asked how many children he had, he said 17. More applause. Then the MC said, "Tell us about your wife." Felipe eyebrows shot up. "Wife? What wife?" By this time, the audience was helpless with laughter.

The next day Felipe was taken around the city, to the zoo, etc. Everywhere he went, people who had seen him on TV came up and shook his hand and bought him a beer. Felipe was taken via the funicular to the mountaintop, and described it later as "they put me in a little box suspended by a wire, and I went up to the top". He was stunned to see huge shopping centers, traffic, elevators, and escalators.

He returned to Rapa Nui a few days later and got off the plane looking elegant in new dark blue denims, windbreaker, new hiking boots, new shirt, and a plaid cap. The entire village went to the airport to greet him. Felipe brought his new color TV, presents for all his family, and food he had bought on the mainland. He had more than 350 lbs excess baggage. The University of Chile gave him a framed Certificate of Merit, with lots of official seals. He was very proud of it.

We were sad to hear of his death, although we knew he had been ill for some time. Felipe, however, lives on in our memories. We can see him in our mind's eye, roaming over the landscape, savoring his beloved island, and warning us of the *aku-aku* lurking in the hollows of the rocks.

— Georgia Lee

NICOLAS HAOA

1929-2003

NICO DIED IN THE MORNING of Wednesday, 29 January. He was the youngest of the five children of Magdalena Haoa Araki and Lachlan McKinnon. The five were:

Rafael Haoa (1924 – 2002)
 Napoleon (Rafael's twin who died at birth)
 Reina 1926-
 Juan 1928 (Died at age 2 weeks)
 Nicolas 1929- 2003

Owing in part to his brother Rafael's influence, Nicolas was accepted into the Chilean Navy. But, unlike his brother, his posting was mostly on Rapa Nui. Around 1968, Nicolas be-

came the first “*residencia*” operator when he accepted Kenneth Emory and Yoshi Sinoto for lodging, as paying guests. From that beginning, the ‘Otai Hotel emerged. Nico remarked that Emory and Sinoto did not wish to stay in the Lindblad tents so far from town and that is why he took them into a “spare (not really)” room in his house. Nico is survived by his wife, Rosa Cardinali (married 1951), 7 children and 7 grandchildren.

– Grant McCall

In Memory of the Life of Niko Haoa: An Outsider’s Perspective

AS AN OUTSIDER TO THE CULTURE of Rapa Nui and a fleeting visitor in the life of Nico Haoa, I can only comment on the intermittent but influential experiences we shared over the last 23 years. My first connection with Nico and his wife Rosita came in 1980. Nico was low-key, and really I must say with some embarrassment that I have a hard time formulating a memory of him at that time. My interaction mainly was with Rosita, who insisted that the noisy motorcycle be left out on the street. That irritated me no end. During that year, there was an invasion of elderly (30+ years) graduate students and faculty that included Georgia Lee, Joan Seaver Kurze, Jo Anne Van Tilburg, George Gill, myself, and a few others, all who gravitated toward Rosita’s *residencia*, as it was then known. It was a pioneering business; a little bit of (slightly western) heaven that permitted an escape from a cultural setting we were unprepared to deal with. The tourist trade was just beginning in those years, and Nico gradually built room after room and catered to the foreigners who were fascinated with the myths of Rapa Nui. In retrospect, it was clearly the right choice, as Hotel ‘Otai is the premier place to stay on Rapa Nui.

Those eight months on Rapa Nui in 1980 are now mostly a graduate student blur. But in 1992, my connection with the Haoa family intensified when I enlisted his second eldest daughter, Sonia, to work as a partner in my archaeological research program. To be frank, I needed Rapa Nui involvement as an entry into the fringes of the culture. Selfish it was, but in the long run it has mostly cured me of my colonial bias, stubbornness, and haughty gringo attitude. Starting then, and over the next 10 years, I began to learn more about Nico.

In retrospect, I admired three things about Nico. First, he was – in part – a cultural preservationist. In addition to being a business entrepreneur and confronted with the demands of that enterprise, he had deep concern for the integrity of Rapa Nui culture. He had been around enough to see the long-term trends of cultural loss that was associated with accelerated Western influence; the detrimental effects of non-traditional values, and alcohol. Perhaps he was sensitive to these processes as the owner of a successful hotel. But in the last few years he intensified efforts to preserve a bit of the past. He was concerned about encroaching modern influences, and took action: he and his colleagues worked hard on documenting and refining the meaning of traditional Rapa Nui language before it was lost.

Secondly, Nico had ambitious plans and a vision. We never had really long conversations about what these were, because my Castellano is pathetic, but his actions over the long-term revealed those aspirations. His hotel grew from two small buildings to a 40-room hotel with a wonderful garden, all with the help of Rosita, Nikko Jr., Kihi and Sonia. But more, he

turned his 5-hectare *parcela* on the edge of town into a productive landscape. On Rapa Nui, where agriculture is a marginal enterprise, the appearance of orange, lime, corn, bananas, pineapple, taro, and macadamia was a true achievement.

Lastly, he supported friends. I think this is well reflected in how we got along. Long after we no longer stayed at the Hotel ‘Otai, our get-togethers persisted. We would visit and chat over an instant coffee and discuss the current political upheaval on the island or speculate about traditional agriculture and the way to make plants thrive. On occasion he would invite my Earthwatch research team up to the *parcela* and play chef to a gaggle of Americans who knew little about Rapanui family and culture. He took great pleasure in lurking in the background and watching the events take place. At this moment, a recollection of these times and his friendship is immensely rewarding.

The problem with memories of an outsider is that they only skim the surface of Nico’s contribution to his family and the Rapa Nui community. He was a wonderful man of gentle demeanor who gave of himself. Nico was able to cross cultural barriers and make others feel welcome. This in itself is a remarkable attribute.

In honor of the life of Nico Haoa, Sr. the Easter Island Foundation has named the annual educational prize: The Don Nico Haoa, Sr. Student Scholarship Award. This award consists of two scholarships, in the amount of US \$2000 each, to assist in the college education of Rapa Nui students. Nico Haoa was a firm believer in education and intellectual development and the Foundation wishes to support this vision of the Rapa Nui community.

– Christopher M. Stevenson



ERRATA

In our last issue, RNJ 16(2), the identities of the two Rapanui artists was reversed in a photograph on page 78. Gustavo Borquez is on the right; Cristián Silva on the left. Thanks to Riet Delsing for sorting this out.

Also, on page 102, 8 lines from the end of the article by Ferren MacIntyre, the text should read “calendrical ‘blue moon’”, not “cylindrical”. We regret the errors.